THE

Lamenting Maid.

EARLY one morning juſt as the ſun was riſing,
There did I hear and a fair maiden ſay,
Crying O Cupid, O ſend my love to me,
Give me my ſhepherd or elſe I ſhall die.

How can you ſlight a poor girl that love's you,
Falſe hearted young man tell me why?
Twas your fond doing which proved my ruin,
'Tis all for the ſake of a young man I die.

Down in the meadow and ſweet ſhady bower,
There can I witneſs the vows to me you made,
Go you falſe pretender, don't you remember
When firſt my poor innocent heart you betray'd?

How can you ſlight a poor girl that loves you,
How would you like to be ſerved ſo?
You're ever a ranging, your mind is always changing,
You're always ſeeking for beauties that are new.

But when you have rang'd and have try'd every fair one,
The truth of my love perhaps you then may find,
Some they will cheat you, with falſe arts they'll meet you,
But my love to you's of the pureſt kind.

Should you fall in love with a falſe hearted woman,
Perhaps ſhe may ſlight you and treat you unkind,
Anguiſh, grief, and ſorrow they will bid you good morrow,
The torture of a lover you ſurely then will find.

The Anſwer.

WHO's that I hear now making lamentation,
Surely it is the voice of my love,
I'll be no longer cruel to my deareſt jewel,
But conſtant and true like the turtle dove.

Tho' I've been ploughing on the wide ocean,
For honour and riches to bring to my dear,
Now the wars are over I'll be no more a rover,
For a ſailor's heart is ever ſincere.

Tho' I have rang'd and have ſeen many a fair one,
And many have ſought my heart to invade,
The truth I'll diſcover, I ne'er ſought a lover,
For tis you alone the conqueſt have made.

Why does my fair one then ſit heſitating,
Let us go to the church where I'll make you my wife,
I am no pretender, my heart I'll ſurrender,
Then take it in keeping and bleſs me for life.